

## Strange Maneuvers

Lady Lamb

A man holds a Bible above his head  
His blood rushes down with a shit-eating grin  
He's only hoping to be noticed  
The teenagers buy berries on the corner  
The juices drop down their middle fingers  
They're just lookin' to be looked over  
Well, I'm passin' by the cathedral doors  
It's gorgeous inside whether or not you're reborn

Wadin' in the wings, wild thoughts are everything  
The mind is thinking of itself, how stunning?  
The ripeness is rotting, the roughness is softening  
Time is making strange maneuvers

A spectacle so theatrical  
Person is fucking hisself over and over  
How incessant, how unnerving  
The shimmer of the heavens we are cursing

I don't wanna be afraid of myself anymore  
I don't wanna be afraid of myself anymore  
I don't wanna be afraid of myself anymore  
I don't wanna be afraid of myself anymore

After wading all day in my kiddie pool brain  
My last stitch is a ticket to a matinee  
But my attention span is too broke to play  
I can't stop replaying my mistakes over and over  
And over, and over, and over

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(Thank you)  
Kurt called in the early morning  
Just to remind me I'm already alright  
Last night he read me a long list of words  
To occupy my mind  
And it worked, Kurty-bear  
You bathe my brain like a baby sink  
Please stay with yourself the way you stayed with me

I know of the vibrant pain  
When the pitch of your crying is  
Vibrating your vein  
Like an already-taught string being tightened  
But your mind is thinking of itself

Honey, isn't that something else?